

The TATTLER

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and BYSTANDER

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May 31, 1944



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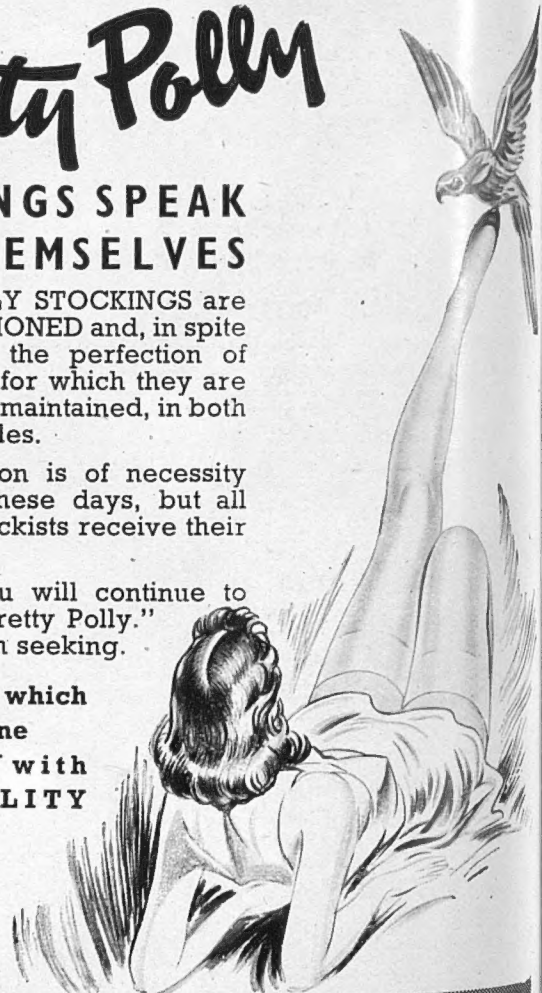
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Marcus Adams

Mrs. Gerald Heathcoat-Amory and Her Son

Mrs. Heathcoat-Amory is the only daughter of Commodore Edward Conyngham Denison, M.V.O., R.N., and Mrs. Denison. Her father is nephew and heir presumptive of Lord Londesborough. She married in 1940 Major Edgar FitzGerald Heathcoat-Amory, of Chevithorne Barton, Tiverton, Devon, and has one son, Michael. Her husband is the second son of the late Major Ludovic Heathcoat-Amory, killed in action in 1918; his elder brother, serving in the Royal Artillery, was killed in 1942



WAY OF THE WAR

"By Foresight"

Waiting

THE King has been spending less time than ever before at Buckingham Palace and more of his days and nights in camps and garrisons, at aerodromes and in ships. Not all his engagements have been publicly recorded, but those which have demonstrate quite clearly his deep and personal interest in the men who are going to fulfil the plans of the Allies to restore freedom to Europe. The King has travelled thousands of miles to review men of the Navy, Army and Air Force. These inspections have not been mere formal affairs. The King has an eye for detail and a quick knowledge of the modern mechanics of war. But his real purpose has been to encourage his troops. His words have been an inspiration to officers and men. In all the ups and downs of this war there is no doubt that the King has played his part with supreme

confidence about the early outcome of this final phase of the struggle than we are. But that is merely due to a native difference in outlook. The Russians had to withstand—and retreat—when the Germans hurled the greater part of their military strength against them. They have seen what looked like inevitable defeat turn into certain victory.

Success

GENERAL ALEXANDER's confidence in the force of his fighting men in Italy has been fully justified. The capture of Cassino was an early and glorious success which has set the tone to the resumed campaign. The Germans are undoubtedly facing a crisis which may compel their retreat beyond Rome within the near future. Already German propaganda is preparing the way. There is continual insistence on the overwhelming superiority of the Allied forces. Nothing is said, of course, about the superiority in generalship and morale. I suppose that before long we shall hear the Germans saying that Italy does not matter anyway, that it is only a sideshow, and that the Italians are themselves to blame for the debacle.

The Germans could have said this before, had they wished. There is no doubt that Italy in the beginning of this campaign was largely one of Hitler's political commitments to maintain the appearance of the Axis. At the same time, however, the German military commanders imagined that they could hold the Allied forces in Italy, bleed them and compel us to keep sending reinforcements to our general detriment. All these reckonings are proving to be sadly wrong. It is the Germans who are being bled. It is the Allies who can say that after all the Italian campaign was largely a diversion and never intended as even the beginning of a threat to Germany proper. Its real purpose was to break the Axis and in

doing this to kill as many Germans as possible.

Problem

FIELD-MARSHAL KESSELRING is already in search of reinforcements. He has only seventeen divisions south of Rome, and seven of these have been so badly mauled that the problem of their reorganization has become urgent. It has become equally necessary for him to do his utmost to prevent the Fifth Army linking up with the forces of the Allies at Anzio. If he is unable to do this, his only prospect is a speedy withdrawal to the north. It is not certain whether the Germans will fight at Rome. They may decide that this would be a hopeless undertaking in face of the Allied forces once they are joined at Anzio. Indeed Kesselring's position is unenviable no matter how it is viewed. He cannot get any help from Germany, for the eyes of the High Command are concentrated on the Eastern Front and on several points in the west.

Unity

THE Declaration of the Prime Ministers of the British Empire issued at the conclusion of their conference in London, is a memorable document. It will stand the test of time and find its place in history for the dignity of its language and the ideals it expresses. It is easy to detect some of Mr. Churchill's phrases in the document, but there are others which indicate that all the Prime Ministers had their share in its drafting. "Mutual respect and honest conduct between nations is our chief desire," say the leaders of the British Empire. "We seek no advantages for ourselves at the cost of others. We desire the welfare and social advance of all nations and that they may help each other to better and broader days." These are inspiring words which even the political cynic must accept and appreciate. They are the foundation on which the British Government will be able to pursue on behalf of the British Empire plans for the creation of a new League of Nations "endowed with the necessary power and authority to prevent aggression and violence."

Friend

PERHAPS Field-Marshal Smuts gave the key to the deliberations of the Empire Prime Ministers in his speech at Birmingham. He

Conferring in Italy

Lt.-Gen. Sir Richard McCreery and Major-Gen. G. P. Walsh are seen here in conversation during an 8th Army conference at Tactical H.Q. in Italy. Gen. McCreery is one of our foremost tank experts

conscientiousness at the cost of ceaseless activity and without any regard to personal convenience.

Pause

EVEN more ominous than the waiting of the garrisons in this country has been the sudden quiet on the Russian Front. After months of fighting which had brought them many successes they are now paused for the final assault. The Germans know that Russian armies are being re-grouped and that backed with immense supplies of men and material they will, in concert with the Allied forces in this country, eventually advance with overwhelming purpose. There is every reason to assume that contact and the exchange of information between the Russian High Command and the Supreme Commanders of the British and American forces has reached a degree of efficiency unknown since the beginning of the war. The Russians are more outspoken in their



A Royal Visit to Airborne Troops

The Queen and Princess Elizabeth, with the King, spent a day with airborne troops, stopping to talk to these camouflaged snipers. Later, from the control tower of a R.A.F. station, the Royal party saw one of the biggest glider landings ever made in Britain, and saw parachute troops dropped in formation from the skies



A Memorial to Greek War Heroes

This group was taken in Syria, at the war memorial to members of the Greek "Sacred Squadron" who have lost their lives in this war. It includes Lt.-Gen. W. G. Holmes, G.O.C. 9th Army (centre), Brig. Turnbull, Major Earl Jellicoe, Lt.-Col. Triantafylacos and Lt.-Col. Messinopoulos. It is hoped after the war to remove and re-erect the memorial in Athens

simplified the ideals of the British Empire in these words: "It is founded on what is common to all of us, on that common decent human nature, which we all share. The common principles, I had almost said the common-places of decency, fair play, fair dealing, tolerance and justice, the right of each to live his own life freely, so long as he does not interfere with the rights of others to live their lives equally freely—the simple ordinary common-sense human code of behaviour, put into practice and guaranteed by law, with the power of society behind it to enforce it, seems to me to be the British Constitution." Nobody is better fitted than Field-Marshal Smuts to describe the British Empire thus. He fought against us for the freedom of South Africa, and the span of his life has embraced so much human experience which is now at its climax in this third war with which he has been concerned.

Decisions

QUITE obviously the Empire Conference was more concerned to agree on principles than to force decisions on any of the numerous issues. Mr. John Curtin's plan for an Empire Secretariat is a case in point. Apparently all the Prime Ministers were agreed on the principle of the closest possible collaboration of all units of the British Empire. They recognize that this was an ideal to be desired and to be achieved with full efficiency, but not all were agreed on the means by which the ideal could be achieved.

The most powerful argument advanced was that it would be a mistake to create machinery which in itself might become more important and more demanding than the very principle of Empire consultation. In other words, to tie up the various parts of the British Empire in a written constitution with certain rules and regulations would be the one way to defeat the

objects of the idealists and to diminish the strength which it has acquired by free association under the leadership of the Crown. All the same, the idea is not dead. Back in their capitals the Prime Ministers will consult their Cabinets on a scheme which will represent a compromise between Mr. Curtin's scheme and the present system of consultation.

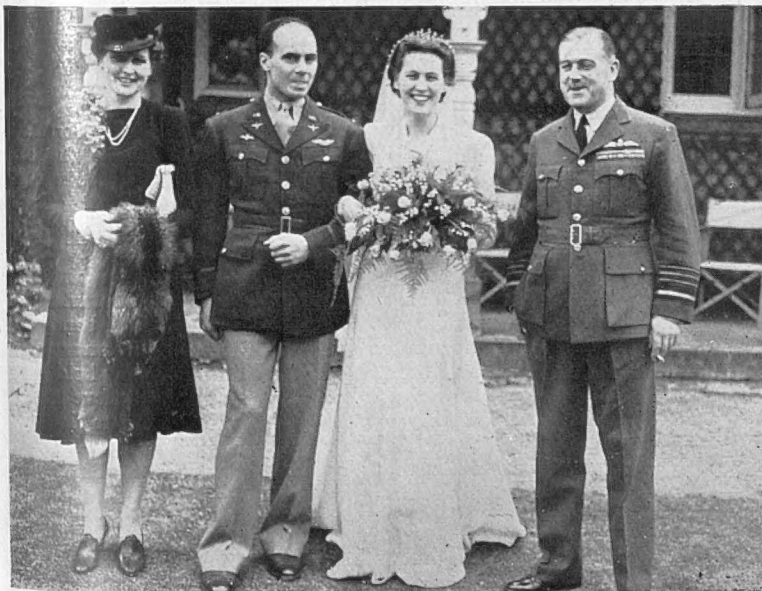
Loss

THE death of Mr. Arthur Yencken, the British chargé d'affaires in Madrid while flying in an aeroplane to Barcelona is a serious loss. Mr. Yencken was one of a small number of brilliant Australians who joined the British Diplomatic Service after the last war. He had worked under Sir Samuel Hoare for the last two years. Mr. Yencken had played a full part in negotiating the latest agreement with Spain and for his work he received from Sir Samuel Hoare full recognition in a personal tribute which the Ambassador wrote in London before cutting short his leave to return with all speed to resume his Ambassadorial duties in Madrid.



A.T.S. Officers in Palestine

Controller Lady Maud Baillie (right) Assistant Director A.T.S. North Africa, accompanied by Controller A. T. Chitty, of G.H.Q., M.E.F. (centre), visiting A.T.S. units in Palestine, were received by Sen. Cdr. K. Morrison Bell, commanding the area group



R.A.F. Chief's Daughter Marries an American

Lt. W. E. Doherty, U.S.A.A.F., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Doherty, of Hammondsport, New York, and Miss Jacqueline Leigh-Mallory, daughter of Air Chief Marshal Sir Trafford and Lady Leigh-Mallory, were married at Stanmore Church. The Air Chief Marshal is Allied Air Commander-in-Chief under Gen. Eisenhower



Dominion Prime Ministers at Cambridge

Earl Baldwin of Bewdley, Chancellor of Cambridge University, conferred on Mr. Curtin, Australian Prime Minister, and Mr. Fraser, Prime Minister of New Zealand, the honorary degree of Doctor of Law. The two Dominion statesmen followed the Chancellor in the procession through the streets

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

A Bright Idea

By James Agate

FOR some weeks I have been tormented by a passage which I could only half-remember and could not locate at all. A passage about an American film-producer who comes to this country to look for new talent. And then, by glorious accident, I recovered it. This was the taking up for no particular reason of Stella Gibbons's *Cold Comfort Farm*. Here, slightly condensed, is the passage describing how Mr. Earl P. Neck has come to England to find

"A second Clark Gable, see? I want a big, husky stiff that smells of the great outdoors, with a golden voice. I want passion. I want red blood. I want a new Gary Cooper, only more ritzy. Someone who can look good in a tuxedo, and yet handle one of them old-world ploughs. Well, who've I got? I got Teck Jones. Yeah, well, Teck's a good kid; he can ride all right, but he's got no body-urge. I got Valentine Orlo. Well, he looks like a wop. I got Peregrine Howard. He's a Britisher. No one can't say his first name right, so he's no good. There's Slake Fountain. Yeah, I'll say there is, too. We keep a gang of hoodlums on their toes at twenty a week each to sober him up every morning before he comes on the set. Then there's Jerry Badger, the sort of nice egg you'd like your kid sister to marry, but nothing to him. Nothing at all."

And then Mr. Neck's eyes fall on Seth Starkadder and we read:—

The young man stood in the warm light of the declining sun, his bare throat and boldly moulded features looking as though they were bathed in gold. He looked exactly what he was, the local sexually successful bounder. Millions of women were to realize, in the next five years, that Seth could be transported in fancy to a Welsh mining village, a shoddy North country seaside town, a raw city in the plains of the Middle West, and still remain eternally and unchangeably the local irresistible bounder.

AND this brings me to my great idea. Why not make a film of *Cold Comfort Farm* and get Orson Welles to produce? Here, if ever, would be the occasion for that famous half-lighting.

As Flora watched, a dim light flowered slowly behind a drawn blind. The light was like the waxing and waning of the eye in the head of a dying beast.

The story? I imagine that whole scenes could be lifted without the alteration of a word.

"Cur," said Judith, levelly, at last. "Coward! Liar! Libertine! Who were you with last night? Moll at the mill or Violet at the vicarage? Or Ivy, perhaps, at the ironmongery? Seth—my son. . . ." Her deep, dry voice quivered, but she whipped it back, and her next words flew out at him like a lash.

"Do you want to break my heart?"

"Yes," said Seth, with an elemental simplicity.

The porridge boiled over.

The names alone are a joy—Adam Lambsbreath, Mark Dolour, Aunt Ada Doom. Yes, it's all there, including the opening shot which would, of course, be a spray of the famous sukebind, that flower—if it is a flower—which makes the hired girl who has already had four illegitimate children say:—

"And who's to know what will happen to me when the sukebind is out in the hedges again and I feels so strange on the long summer evenings—"

One of the characters in the novel says: "What is this sukebind, anyway?" But perfect! For didn't we all on the first night of *Citizen Kane* turn to one another and say: "What is this 'Rosebud,' anyway?"

Yes, it should be a grand film with parts for everybody, and I here and now suggest Flora Robson as Aunt Ada Doom. Who is to play Seth, the irresistible bounder? Here I am afraid we should have to go to Hollywood. The names of half a dozen British stars spring to mind but, alas, they do not fill the bill. They bound all right, but are too easily resistible. And now, my dear film magnates, what about it? The result would be far more amusing, I think, than films about lunatics climbing cathedral roofs to pour glue on to the nests of tawny pipits.

This Happy Breed (Gaumont) shows Noel Coward in a vein in which he has always fancied himself—that of the bogus gorbliney. It is a vein which permits him to sentimentalize



3. Sam Leadbitter (Guy Verney) spends Christmas with the Gibbonses. He holds his young audience spellbound with his "advanced" ideas. (Eileen Erskine as Vi Gibbons, Kay Walsh as Queenie, John Blythe as Reg and Betty Fleetwood as Phyllis, Reg's girl-friend)

to his heart's content. For make no mistake about it—Noel is a schizophrenic in this sense—that while his brain is brittle his heart is mushy.

IT is a rule of the wholesome play, said Montague, that in last acts "any leopards which gain the playgoer's regard should be left rigged out in snowy, curly lamb's-wool." This applies to this film's little besom, baggage—I can think of a more accurate name—called Queenie. Readers of the *Tatler* who have ventured into the West End after six o'clock in the evening will know the type—yellow hair, lashings of make-up, a loose mouth and tight skirts, the whole about four feet six inches high. Asked by her parents why she came home so late, one of these little horrors is said to have replied: "Me and Ruby was out Yankin'."

THIS film tells us what these young women did before the Yankee invasion. They went off to Paris with married men who quickly abandoned them, whereupon Queenie—for so she is called in the film—looked after some

English children which gave her appendicitis. After which she managed a tea-shop at Mentone, married the sailor who had stuck to her through thick and thin, came home a perfect lady having lost all her commonness and accent, had a baby and left it with her father and mother to join Bill who had got a permanent job at Singapore! To which my only answer is "Garn!" I refer Noel to the history of one, Cora Pearl who, being taken to Paris at the age of fifteen by a dance-hall proprietor called Bill Blinkwell, declined to come back to England, saying that she preferred the streets of Paris to the miserable London suburb in which she lived with her twelve brothers and sisters and her organist father, the composer of "Kathleen Mavourneen." I don't in the least believe in a reformed Queenie, who is the born absolute fly-by-night.

THE film gives Noel every opportunity of indulging his passion for lecturing. I have yet to hear that middle-class insurance agent, or whatever the head of this Clapham family

may be supposed to be, who, holding forth on the subject of England, will say: "The old lady still has stamina." Nor do I believe in the father who on the morning of his son's wedding, will lecture him on how to behave when he gets tired of his wife. Nor do I believe in the boy himself, a red-hot communist who on being lectured to, gives up communism and takes on a spick-and-span, band-box cleanliness. Communists remain communists, and they remain dirty because they hold that to wash is bourgeois. Nor do I believe in the mother who says: "Don't get on to 'im ter-night, dad; 'e's all wore-out," and in the next sentence pronounces her h's with Bayswater particularity.

However, the film is amusing in spite of its continual unveracity. There are excellent performances by Robert Newton, Celia Johnson and Kay Walsh, in so far as she is allowed, as the common little tart. It shall manfully be said that the whole thing is in Technicolor, including "Me and Ruby was out Yankin'," Chamberlain's views on the nature of Hitler, and Lord Baldwin's aspirations in the matter of disarmament.



1. The Gibbonses arrive at their new home, No. 17 Sycamore Road. Frank (Robert Newton), the dining-room curtains slung over his shoulder, interrupts his labours to do a little immediate cleaning up on his wife Ethel (Celia Johnson)



2. Some years have passed. The Gibbons children have grown up. Queenie, the bright spark of the family, is working in a beauty parlour. She tells Billy (John Mills), the boy next door, that women don't like "to be taken for granted"

A Coward Play Is Filmed

The Gibbonses of 17 Sycamore Road
Come To Life In "This Happy Breed"

● Noel Coward chose an ordinary English family, living in a very ordinary suburban house, as the inspiration for *This Happy Breed*, originally written as a play and now, under the direction of Anthony Havelock-Allan and David Lean, made into a film. The story covers the years 1919 to 1939 and revives many memories of the days between the wars; the Peace Procession of 1919, the General Strike, the Wembley Exhibition, the Lying-in-State of King George V, and so on and on. Robert Newton plays the part created by Coward himself of Frank Gibbons, Celia Johnson is his wife, Stanley Holloway their next-door neighbour and John Mills the Mitchell boy. It is a story written by Coward for the people, of the people—the people who, he says, go on with England, and because of whom, England goes on



4. Grandma, Mrs. Flint (Amy Veness) and Aunt Sylvia (Alison Leggatt), find it difficult to live under the same roof in spite of the Gibbonses' hospitality. Their squabbles cause many tears at 17 Sycamore Road. (Standing are Eileen Erskine as Vi, Celia Johnson as Mrs. Gibbons)



5. "No More Armaments." Newsboys toss the words across the street; posters hurl them back. Fair-sounding words, their far-reaching consequences are foreseen by the two "Old Contemptibles," Frank Gibbons and Bob Mitchell (Robert Newton, Stanley Holloway)



6. Wedding day nerves lead to a family row. Grandma hates waiting even for the car which is to take her to church to see her grandson Reg married to Phyllis. Even Frank speaks harshly to his mother-in-law



7. Regimental dinners give Bob and Frank an excuse for a celebration. The cubby hole under the stairs provides the "last one for the road" (Stanley Holloway, Robert Newton)

The Theatre

"Meet Me Victoria" (Victoria Palace)

By Horace Horsnell

HISTORY does not say whether Old King Cole, when he called for his pipe, his bowl, and his fiddlers three, called also for his Lupino. The omission, however, is probably more apparent than deliberate, and may be explained by the fact that his Lupino was already there, primed with the quips and pranks that, from time immemorial, have been the stock-in-trade of this famous family of clowns. If that explanation is true, may we not go further and suggest that the old king's jester probably wrote the song which has retained its convivial vogue ever since?

Historians vary in dating the Lupino conquest of our footlights. Some authorities give it a Jacobean, others a Georgian *circa*. But

THE contrast between the largeness of the show and the smallness of the showman is marked. Mr. Lupino Lane is bijou in build, and boyish in spirit. He takes the first scene—a bustling parody of Victoria Station—with a modest assurance that has, so to speak, all the plot's future before him, and the Lupino past behind him. Though he bounces into the limelight, he does so from sheer ebullience, rather than with a star's insistence on spotlight privileges. He scores straight away. Every hit is not a boundary, but he makes each point with a professional neatness that pleases the connoisseur, and he radiates unforced camaraderie that is at once communicated to the whole house.

His role, that of Bill Fish, a "Little Man," is socially modest but heroic in vicissitude. It has affinities to the early *Mickey Mouse* sagas. His Minnie is called Dot, and she is tender and true. She is also a Londoner, and not unnaturally asks where the money is to come from to marry on. That is indeed the question, and its answer is the plot.

THESE narrative details need be taken no more seriously than they take themselves. They serve to establish that Bill is an impulsive little porter and a card; that he is up against the station master who is both towering and irascible; that he is deeply fond of Dot who deserves him, and that his mingled simplicity and dash have landed him in the toils of a professional Strong Woman who wants a stage as well as a sleeping partner, and has signed up Bill for the two jobs.

There are incidental misunderstandings, tiffs and reconciliations, homely snapshots of family life, and at least two full-blown hulla-



Phyllis Robins as Dot Hawkins

balloos that raise gusty laughter to gale force. The first is a *tête-à-tête* attempt at luncheon in a private Pullman coupé rattling along at express speed. This is not so much frustrated as devastated by Bill's susceptibility to oscillation and fear of osculation by the ruthless amazon to whom he has inadvertently rendered himself legally liable. And since Miss Dorothy Ward is the champion of Strength through Joy, she sees to it that Bill's apprehension is justified.

His other predicament is also a *tête-à-tête*, in a bridal suite, with the same partner, whose tenderness has now grown tigerish, and Bill's situation is parlous indeed. Both Miss Ward and Mr. Lane make the most of these two scenes, and the house roars its delight.

As the long-suffering Dot, Miss Phyllis Robins is staunch throughout, and naturally gets her reward at curtain-fall. Mr. Lupino Lane may have been more generously served by previous librettos, but he exploits this one with unflinching resilience. He infuses a heartless text with humanity, and surrenders to the hullabaloo with the lively fatality of an autumn leaf that knows that gales may not be resisted.



Dorothy Ward as Loretta Zelma,
The Strong Woman, with Lupino
Lane as Bill Fish, her stooge

whether early or later, there is little doubt that, when Lupino the First landed here from Italy, he came to stay, or that the bag of tricks he brought with him still pleases. It is also possible that the tricks themselves have changed only superficially, and that, in essentials, the first Lupino entertainment and this, the latest, might deputize for one another without unduly mystifying either of their audiences.

Any difficulty a commentator might feel in defining this free and easy show is removed by the programme, which describes it simply as a "musical." And if there were nothing more to it than that, there might be little more to be said of it. True, it has a plot, but that is properly self-effacing. It also has lyrics by Frank Eyton and music by Noel Gay, but they know their place and do their duty. But it is hardly these conventional attractions that draw the crowd to the Victoria Palace in such prodigal profusion: it is the showman rather than the show.



Lauri Lupino Lane as Jim with Wallace Lupino as Dad

Sketches by
Tom Titt

An Actress Takes a Day Off

Rosamund John at Home with Her Sailor Husband



"Bill," the Dutch Barge Dog, is Taken for a Walk



Mrs. Lloyd Shows Her Husband a New Feature in "Life"

● Rosamund John, the young British stage and screen actress, is in private life the wife of Lieut. H. Russell Lloyd, R.N.V.R., who was a film editor before the war. Her first big chance came when she was chosen by Leslie Howard to play Mrs. Mitchell in *The First of the Few*. Then followed the part of Maggie, the Scots girl in *The Gentle Sex*, and later the leading role in *The Lamp Still Burns*. Her latest film is *The Tawny Pipit*, now at the Leicester Square Theatre, in which she appears with Bernard Miles and Niall MacGinnis. Her ambition is to appear in the great classic parts, Rosalind, Beatrice, Cleopatra and, most of all, Shaw's Saint Joan



At the Piano



Keeping Fit



Watching Our Bombers Come Home



Lady Leon and Major and Mrs. Carlos Clarke were guests at the wedding and reception

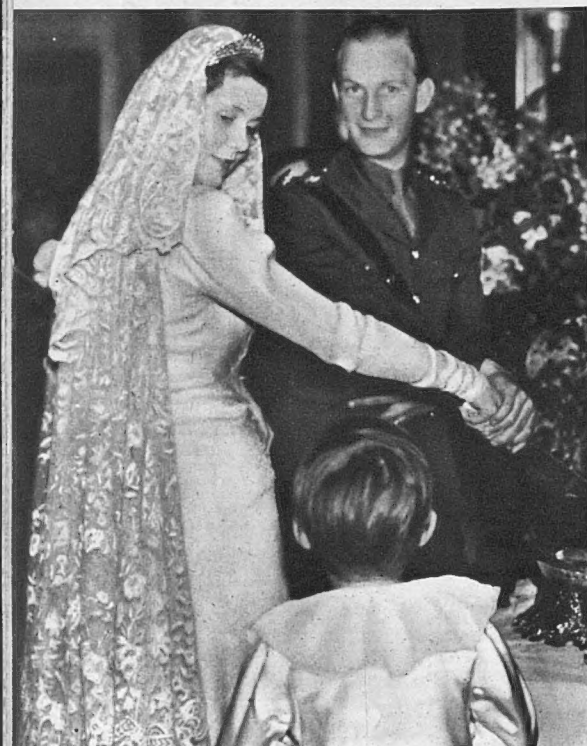


Capt. Sir Hugh Smiley and Lady Smiley came together. He is in the Grenadier Guards



Benjamin Spanoghe, the bride's attendant, was with his mother, Mrs. P. A. Spanoghe, and W/Cdr. P. Koch de Gooreynd

Some of Those Who Went to the Tufnell—Parker Wedding



Capt. and Mrs. Timothy Tufnell

Capt. Timothy Tufnell, Grenadier Guards, younger son of Col. and Mrs. N. C. Tufnell, of Fairfield, Sunninghill, Berks., and Miss Pamela Dione Parker, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Parker, of 20, Sussex Place, Regent's Park, were married at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

At the Palace

THEIR MAJESTIES, who gave the Empire Premiers' talks such a good send-off with their inaugural dinner-party at Buckingham Palace, wound up the deliberations of the statesmen by another party of a different kind, this time an informal cocktail-party, to which were invited all the secretaries and other members of the Premiers' staffs, whose work did so much to contribute to the success of the conference.

Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret were present, and about 100 men and women from the Dominions gathered to shake hands with the King and Queen, and to talk among themselves over a glass of excellent sherry from the Royal cellars. There was a complete absence of ceremonial, and Their Majesties and the Princesses mingled freely and easily with their guests.

Presenting Credentials

DIPLOMATS have been prominent among visitors to the Palace recently, and both the King and the Queen have been making the acquaintance of new members of the Corps Diplomatique. Señor Dr. Don Jaime Arango, the new Colombian Ambassador, after presenting his letters of credence in formal audience with the King, called again at the Palace the next day, with members of his staff, to leave cards

for the Lord Steward, the Mistress of the Robes, the Master of the Horse, and other high officers of the Court. The Iranian Ambassador, with his wife, the Mexican Ambassador, and the Turkish Ambassador and his wife, were all received by the Queen in her own apartments, and personally welcomed by her to the Court.

Visiting Wiltshire

ETHEL LADY RUMBOLD has been down in Wilts visiting her brother, Major Fane, at Boyton. He recently had an interesting adventure, for one night he was awakened by an unexpected visitor—a German airman, who had evidently baled out near by during a raid. The Nazi was complete with Iron Cross, and apparently rather sorry for himself. Major Fane provided him with something to eat (which rather appropriately included sausages) while waiting the arrival of the police. Lady Rumbold lives nowadays at Royal Cottage, Kew, one of those charming "grace and favour" residences in the bestowal of the King, and has been there for over two years. It is a really delightful little house, right on the Green, and dates from about 1780, when Queen Charlotte's secretary lived there. It has a garden at the back which runs right down to Kew Gardens, and has a private gate into them. Lady (Cecil) Lowther is staying at Royal Cottage with

(Continued on page 266)



Mr. Hugh Parker was talking to Lady Parker at the reception



The Rev. H. R. Norton, seen with Mrs. G. L. Pike, officiated at the ceremony



Mrs. Peter Townshend and Lady Grenfell were two more at the wedding



Miss Audrey Fletcher had a drink with Major Sir Henry Fletcher

Photographs by Swade

New Portraits of Lord Herbert's Wife and Family

Lady Herbert is the wife of the Earl of Pembroke's eldest son and heir, and is a sister of the Marquess of Linlithgow. She and her husband have two children, a son of five and a daughter seven years old. Two years ago Lord Herbert became Private Secretary and Comptroller to the Duchess of Kent, to whom Lady Herbert is Lady-in-Waiting



Lady Herbert

*Photographs by
Harlip*



The Hon. Henry Herbert



The Hon. Diana Herbert

On and Off Duty

(Continued)

Lady Rumbold, and has her precious Siamese cat, Jeremy, with her. He is a great personage and well known to all her friends. Lady Lowther wears a diamond brooch representing him which the late Lord Lonsdale had specially made for her.

Wedding at the Guards' Chapel

THE Tufnells are a very large family, so it was not surprising to find nearly a dozen of them at the wedding of Capt. Timothy Tufnell to Miss Pamela Parker at the Guards' Chapel and afterwards at the reception. Miss Parker (whose parents had sent out invitations in pre-war style, printed in silver) made a pretty bride. On her head was a lovely diamond and pearl-tipped tiara given by her groom's mother, and the veil was an old family one of Brussels lace. Guests first of all shook hands with Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Parker, and then were greeted by the groom's parents, Col. and Mrs. N. C. Tufnell, before they reached the bridal couple, who stood between two tall masses of spring flowers. The Hon. Lady Legh was there with her daughters, Lady Grenfell and Miss Diana Legh (who was taking her half-day off from the Foreign Office), to see her son, Capt. Alfred (otherwise "Freddie") Shaughnessy, act as best man. Lord and Lady Ormonde were telling of the twenty-five or more incendiaries which had been extinguished on the roof of their flat in a recent raid, and among the many Tufnells I saw Mrs. Richard Tufnell (whose husband is M.P. for Cambridge) with her young daughter-in-law. Among the rest were the Hon. Donough and Mrs. O'Brien, Sir Egerton Hamond-Graeme with his wife, and the Hon. Enid Paget, who, like Mrs. Kenneth Wagg, was one of the hatless ones. She was among the many from the Sunninghill district who are neighbours of the bridegroom's family. She was sitting with Lady Lent, and yet another of their neighbours, Lady Mary Crichton, who was with her husband and daughter, Barbara, wearing her Red Cross uniform.

The "Guineas"

IN spite of abominable weather, the "Guineas" meeting was most enjoyable and the spirits of the damp spectators were much cheered by easy victories of hot favourites. The most spectacular of these was that of Lord Derby's Garden Path, who, disdaining her rivals of her own sex, took on the colts in the 2000 Guineas and beat them instead, the first filly to do so since Sceptre. It was a great meeting for Walter Earl as, in addition to Garden Path, he saddled two grand two-year-old filly winners, Hydrangea and Sunstream, both by Hyperion, and the former a half-sister to Garden Path.

The 1000 Guineas was a quieter affair, but Mr. Jimmie Joel can have had little anxiety over the outcome, for his good mare Picture Play looked the winner all the way.

Everyone was delighted to see Tommy Weston back in the saddle after a long spell of adventurous duty with the Navy, which included two sinkings. He had two greatly fancied mounts in Mr. J. V. Rank's Vigorous and Superior, and finished third in the 1000 Guineas on the latter. A very happy young owner was Miss Sybil Lambton, whose first racehorse, Hay Hill, easily won the first race of the meeting. Amongst others seen were Lady Chesterfield, who used to have some good horses with Capt. Boyd Rochfort before the war; Lady Petre, now an expert on farming matters; Bud Flanagan and Chesney Allen, just as good a team on a race-course as on the stage; Tom Walls, who is hoping for a part as a farmer in a new film—a new role for him; the Duchess of Norfolk, in a new square hat and her favourite scarlet coat; Sir Humphrey de Trafford; Lord and Lady Durham, who had the pleasure of seeing Spray easily justify 5 to 2 on favouritism even after dwelling at the start; Miss "Boo" Brand, enjoying herself a lot in spite of being hatless in the rain; and also hatless, but cheerful, Miss Grania Kennedy; and S/Ldr. and Mrs. Stanhope Joel, who are hoping for a winner in their colours soon.

(Concluded on page 280)

A May Wedding in London

Major T. F. C. Winnington Marries Lady Betty Anson



The Bride and Bridegroom With Their Attendants

The marriage took place at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks, of Major Thomas Foley Churchill Winnington, Grenadier Guards, younger son of the late Mr. Francis Winnington and of Mrs. Winnington, of Brockhill Court, Shelsley-Beauchamp, Worcester, and Lady Betty Marjorie Anson, elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Lichfield. The grown-up bridesmaids were Miss June Keppel and Miss Diana Bowes-Lyon, and the child attendants were Elizabeth Anson, Sylvia-Rose Chetwynd-Talbot, Sarah Oldfield, Lord Lyell, Patrick Anson and Timothy Stephenson.

Photographs by Swaebe



Lord and Lady Lichfield, parents of the bride, both wore white flowers. Lord Lichfield gave his daughter away



Sir Francis Winnington, best man at his brother's wedding, was photographed at the reception with Lady Winnington and Lt. P. French Davis, Welsh Guards



Mrs. P. Heber-Percy and the Countess of Shrewsbury looked after their small daughters, Deidre and Charlotte, at tea



Little Juliet and Jennifer Nelson and Martin Stephenson had tea with their mothers, Lady Jane Nelson and Mrs. William Stephenson



Four guests at the reception were Lady Elizabeth Oldfield, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Gore and Mr. C. Holland-Martin



Lady Katherine Phillips, sister of the Duke of Norfolk, was talking to the Hon. Miles Fitzalan-Howard



Capt. Lord Carrington, Grenadier Guards, and his wife (formerly Iona McClean) came together



Mrs. George Thorne and Mrs. Babington-Smith were looked after by Viscount Anson. He is in the Grenadiers, and is the bride's only brother



Mrs. H. R. Trotter, Lady Lyell, Major C. Earle, Lady Anson and Major H. R. Trotter were chatting at the reception. Lady Lyell's small son was a page

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

SIR JOHN MARTIN HARVEY was probably the Last British Romantic Actor, the kind who can turn blatant hokum into magic by native grace, delicacy, charm, and poise.

There was a dashing Edwardian piece of cloak-and-sword flaffa, *The Breed of the Treshams*, in which Harvey beat the newer generation at its best game. The technique of modishly lighting a cigarette and slouching round the stage is something the modern West End actor is pretty clever at, everybody acknowledges. Harvey had to light a churchwarden pipe, if we remember rightly, with a list of his Cavalier fellow-conspirators, in the scowling enemy's presence. This he did with such elegant nonchalance that the average actor of to-day doing the cigarette number looks, in comparison, like a drunk bargee about to kick his wife. Only Gerald du Maurier could light a cigarette on the stage with equal grace and virtuosity, at the same time saying casually over his left shoulder "By the way, I love you" to some panting woman, and strolling leisurely out. Naturally the woman never spoilt this exit by shouting "Hoy! What's that again?" In real life, moreover, one would trip over a small yapping dog and fall base-over-apex.

That perfect Harvey-Du Maurier poise is difficult to acquire and can never be mistaken. "Poise will be poise," as the new City peer remarked at Eton on the Fourth of June, and how right he was.

Entente

BIGAMISTS and cricketers all over the country have learned with excited pleasure that polygamy has just been revived in Utah, where a Mormon citizen about to be prosecuted by inhuman U.S. law for increasing his wives by two or three says the hell with the law, or words to that effect.

Cricketers share this pleasure because the next-most-popular sister-sport is pretty generous, notwithstanding the frozen expression of those equine pans. At the forthcoming National Bigamists' Congress at Albert Hall, our spies report, first-class cricket will be represented on the platform by some forceful if wooden speakers. It is well known that bigamists make good slow bowlers and are even better in the field, getting more practice than monogamists in throwing and catching. Their habit when batting of grouping their wives round the wicket and dodging behind them to escape fast ones may result in one or two

of the Laws of Cricket having to be revised before long. E.g.:

40. A batsman is liable to be out for infringement of the laws [of cricket] by his substitute; except when such substitute or substitutes, present with him, are his wives; in which case each wife removed owing to contusions or concussion while acting as a shield shall be disposed of without liability to the M.C.C. or its lawful representatives.

Also, maybe, the rule following:

41. A fieldsman may stop the ball with any part of his person or (if his wives are present) any part of his wives; but if this results in any unseemly uproar, scrimmage, or *crépage de chignons*, the ball shall be "dead," and five runs added to the run or runs already made.

The idea is to make first-class cricket interesting, so far as anything can make it interesting.



"Not bowler-hatted, old boy, I've just taken felt"

Ace

PROPOS manly sports, Auntie *Times* noted recently that baseball, of all games, is among the pastimes of one of Jane Austen's characters, Catherine Morland. A mild form of pat-ball, Auntie patronisingly surmised.

The old trot errs. Jane Austen herself, the Babe Ruth of Bath, the Girl Thunderbolt, the Sultana of Swat, played the regulation American League game, pitching, hitting, and running with equal devilry. Even as Old Roedean girls go she was noted for ferocity on the plate, as she crouched, tense and tigerish, chewing her plug. One flash of a white, muscular arm, a sharp crack, a clean-hit white ball sailing miles into the blue, a pair of massive twinkling legs across the rubber, and Bath Pink Sox had won the All-England Girls' Championship again. No wonder the Brontë girls with their effeminate bicycle-polo seemed contemptible to Slogger Austen, moving her to derision when she met them on Milsom Street, Bath (Eng.)

"Hiya, sissies!"
 "Don't answer her, Charlotte."
 "Yuh can't take it, huh?"
 "Emily, strike her with your reticule."
 "Say, watcha tryin' t' give me? Dat baby she'd neveh take dis heah guy in a tousan' yeahs!"
 "Give her the old left-hook, Anne."

It generally ended in a lot of making faces and a strategic Brontë withdrawal. The Brontë girls were Heathfield.

(Concluded on page 270)



"But what a frightful price for a hat."
 "It's a frightful hat, Madam"

Matters for Mirth

Four by Fenwick



"It's the end of the war that I'm dreading"



"In the deep South maybe, Colonel, but not in the '400'!"



"I've got a bit of compassionate leave at the Berkeley, actually"



"C'mon, Snow White, let's go dazzle some poor drunks or something"

Standing By ...

(Continued)

Snag

POETS working for the Government are finding themselves up against the old trouble, we notice. Recent example from a "Salute the Soldier" manifesto:

"And remember, wherever they roam,
That when they're not fighting, they're
thinking
And dreaming of England and Home."

Roam is a cockeyed word for soldiers fighting like devils, but the only other rhymes to home being ohm, dome, tome, foam, gnome, loam, chrome, comb, clomb, holm, and catacomb, what is a miserable poet to do?

Tap

MYSTAGOGUES, spellbinders, and messiahs naturally breed in this age like maggots in a dead mule, so it's not entirely surprising that the Social Credit boys, who once used to stamp round in green shirts and military formation shouting about the National Dividend and Price Adjustment, have gone mystic and broody.

Not all the Social Credit boys. There's been a schism, we gather from a pleasing, satiric pamphlet, *A Touch of the Sun*, by Mr. Thomas Driberg, M.P. The schismatics, under Mahatma Hargrave, have broken communion with their founder, Major Douglas, and now compete with the Great Pyramid and Bahai boys and the Mazdaznan and Joanna Southcott sects, and others with a pretty line in esoteric mysticism, and faith-healing on the side. Sun-worship, Mr. Driberg deduces from one of their daily prayers, is the basis:

O thou Great Light-Bringer, grant to the British People a Living Sword in the House of Commons, chosen from the Solar Men of the Social Credit Party, to fight for a Sane Debt-Free Money System by the establishment of Social Credit as the Law of the Land. . .

There is also a marvellous fantasia by Mahatma Hargrave in "CRODON, the Old Anglo-Saxon God of Plenty," who spins the Sun and laughs bellythundering laughs, ha, ha, hoo - hoo, ha-ha-ha-haaaaaa ha-HAA. Quite Hogarthian, you observe. One of the plates in *The Rake's Progress* shows a similar case of what Harley Street calls Duckett's Lesion, with straw in the hair. The Army in India calls it the Doolally Tap.

Quest

ALLEGING that there are very few amusing film-industry stories, a gossip spoke the truth. That inhuman racket doesn't encourage innocent fun to any extent.

The only passable one we know was based on a *Life* cartoon and told us some time ago by a Hollywood chap, and if you've heard it fifty times before we can't help it. A film-studio advertised for an actor for a very special part. He had to have curly golden hair, a height of six foot one, an indelible crescent-shaped birthmark on the left shoulder, ability to play the viola at sight, a slight cast in one eye, a Southern accent, long, straight legs and a straight

nose. Further, he must have lived in the back-blocks of Equatorial Africa, and been married six times to native women, each under 5 ft. 6 in., he must have killed six male tigers and one elephant, he must have had malaria three times, swum the Congo once, and had a leg bitten off by a female alligator 55 ft. long. A young dark bandy aquiline actor from the Bronx, yearning for the part, learned the viola, acquired the accent, set off for Africa, after various operations by facial and other expensive surgeons, married the right-sized women, shot the tigers and the elephant, had the malaria, swam the Congo, had a leg taken off by a female alligator of the required length, and dashed (or hopped) back to Hollywood to present himself eagerly to the casting-director, who took one look at him and said irritably, "Wrong leg."

The note of this story is frustration, which is the note of the film-racket, as you can tell by those big mournful hungry eyes.

Pioneer

DESCRIBED by the carefree Fleet Street boys as "Girl Sleuth of the Trains," Britain's first plain-clothes woman railway detective has a charming face, we observe. Charm is more necessary than ever, for the Island Race stole £1,000,000 worth of

stuff from one railway system alone last year. A girl's frank smile could stop it, maybe.

This question was actually raised after the "Rocket's" trial trip, when several directors missed their watches. A stout motherly person approached George Stephenson with a curtsy and said, "If my Ruby, Sir, was permitted to busy herself with the detection of them that is responsible for this wicked deed, her winning smile might result in the apprehension or nabbing of many of the said individuals." This conversation ensued:

MR. HUSKISSON, M.P.: A mere chit. A mere chit.

A DIRECTOR: Yet her humble features do not lack a certain pulchritude which is vastly pleasing, egad.

MR. HUSKISSON, M.P.: A mere chit.

STEPHENSON: Don't touch that poppet-valve. How many more times?

ANOTHER DIRECTOR: Come hither, child. How blue are her speaking orbs, Huskisson!

MR. HUSKISSON, M.P.: A mere chit.

As it happened, one of the stoutest directors promised Ruby a sea-going yacht if she found his umbrella, "or at least," he said, "the finding of the umbrella is immaterial. Hrmm. Chrm. Pray accept the yacht. Merely a token of esteem. Hrmm." Ruby's mother at once hurried her home for good. "A mere chit," said Mr. Huskisson, M.P., with a sigh.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Won't it be splendid when the war's over and we can do this sort of thing once more?"



"And what are you to-day, Miss Morrison—'sweet,' 'dry,' 'extra dry,' 'brut' or 'corked'?"



"The Bridge of San Luis Rey" is Filmed

Thornton Wilder's famous novel, *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*, which won the Pulitzer Prize in 1927, has been filmed by Benedict Bogeauss and is now showing at the London Pavilion. The story is based on the investigations of a young priest into the lives of seven people, five of whom meet sudden death in the disaster of the San Luis bridge, two of whom are, by a miracle of a moment, saved. In seeking to solve the riddle of God's purpose in taking one life and sparing another, the priest compiles the histories of these seven people, only to discover at the end of a life's work that the human mind cannot penetrate the designs of the Almighty. Lynn Bari (seen above with Akim Tamiroff) plays the role of Michaela ("The Perichole"), the street urchin who achieves fame as an actress. Akim Tamiroff plays Uncle Pio, Francis Lederer doubles the roles of the twin brothers Manuel and Esteban, and Nazimova, as the Marquesa de Montmayor, makes a comeback to the screen after many years' absence.

Two Sisters and Their Children

Share a House in
Buckinghamshire

These pictures were taken at Ardley House, Bicester, where the Earl of Jersey's two sisters, Lady Joan Colville and Lady Ann Elliot, are living together, with their children. Lady Joan was married in 1933 to Lt. D. R. Colville, son of the late Hon. G. C. Colville and of Lady Cynthia Colville, and their family consists of a son, Robert, and two daughters, Sarah and Catherine. Lady Ann, whose husband, Major A. H. Elliot, R.A., is a relative of the Earl of Minto, has two girls, Victoria and Patricia



Ardley House, Bicester

Photographs by Swaebe



The Rev. W. Boyer Pays a Visit



The Children Drive Their Own Pony-Cart



Watering the Chickens



Lady Ann Photographs the Family



Lady Ann Elliot and Her Two Daughters



Lady Joan Colville With Robin, Catherine and Sarah



Nearly All of Them. Sarah Colville Got Left Out of the Picture



Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

Koenig of the Foreign Legion: Hero of Bir Hakeim

General Joseph Koenig, recently appointed Military Delegate of the French Committee of National Liberation for the Northern Theatre of Operations, at forty-five is a veteran of many campaigns. He took part in the fighting at Narvik, the expedition to Dakar, the Syrian Campaign, and was in active command during the whole of the Libyan and Tunisian campaigns. At Bir Hakeim, while commanding the 1st Free French Brigade, he held out for sixteen days against two Axis divisions personally commanded by Rommel. Joseph Pierre Koenig became a soldier in 1915 at the age of seventeen, joined the Chasseurs Alpins in 1918, later transferring to the Foreign Legion. A brilliant commander, beloved of his troops whom he has so often led to victory, and one of France's most outstanding military figures, Gen. Koenig has never courted publicity. A Captain in 1940, now a General, he wears neither buttons appropriate to his rank (but those of the Foreign Legion) nor ribbons on his tunic; preferring, of his many decorations, which include the Légion d'Honneur, Croix de la Liberation, Médaille Militaire, Croix de Guerre, and D.S.O., to wear only—in compliment to his cause—the Croix de Lorraine



Poole, Dublin

A Good Day's Racing at Phoenix Park, Dublin

Enjoying the sport was Mr. Hal MacDermot, Mrs. Quinlan and Dr. Harold Quinlan, a member of the All-Ireland Polo Club. Mr. MacDermot is a brother of The MacDermot, Prince of Coolavin

Mrs. Dominic More O'Ferrall, Mrs. Peter Rawlinson and Viscountess Jocelyn were there to see Lt.-Col. Giles Loder's filly, Participation, win the Loder Plate from Mr. C. L. Robinson's Chicken Feed, and the Aga Khan's Ascona

The weather was cold and the Hon. Mrs. Bruce Ogilvy wore a fur coat, walking with her trainer, Mr. H. W. Riddell-Martin, of Roebuck Grove, Clonskeagh. She has recently registered her racing colours in Ireland

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Happy Landing is made in two pieces and more heavily topped than is to my personal fancy.

From the Transvaal

AN airman temporarily exiled by duty, but who never seems to have lost touch with racing in this country, and who only too obviously takes a very keen and knowledgeable interest in it, has written me a very interesting and amusing letter, from which I take a few extracts. I am afraid I must skip some of the too eulogistic parts. He starts talking about Ribbon, and writes:

The daughter of Bongrace has been a favourite of mine since I first read your articles and criticisms early 1942. You also kindly wrote and told me that none of the colts could give Ribbon the sex allowance, and it seems such a pity that a great "little 'un" should suffer so much misfortune in a season, and if only the "Head Waiter" could have been up, I feel sure that the filly's gameness would have been better rewarded. What are your views, Sir?

I would have given anything to have seen the
(Concluded on page 276)

Ladies First

TWO of them, at any rate! But not the same two we have been assured by so many people were the leaders of the band; in fact, one feels almost inclined to say that the two fallen women had not behaved as a lady should! Both Picture Play, a bad name for a racehorse, and Garden Path won their races (One Thousand and Two Thousand) in good style, and in the former case very easily. As to Garden Path's Two Thousand, there was none of that rear-propeller business such as we saw in the Chatteris Stakes. I produced quite a Spoonerism when I said that her tail went round like an airscrew; that, of course, being in front and not behind! I think we can forget both Tudor Maid and Fair Fame, at any rate for the moment, and that we must now believe that Garden Path can win either the Derby or the Oaks. She has shown signs of a temperament, and perhaps the society of a lot of rather dull young women might be less exciting for her than that of a bunch of self-opinionated and stupid young men. Garden Path may be a jewel of price, but people who are ticketed temperamental are usually half-temper and half-mental. Anyway, I prefer mares in their own month.

The "Gentlemen"!

AS to the colts, what can we think? Orestes obviously cannot get a mile, and that recent Windsor form now looks to be true. He can be written off for any race anywhere near a mile, and, as I have said before, I never believed that he could win a Derby. Vigorous and Abbots Fell I just do not understand; the latter will never get a distance, but the former certainly did fill the eye as something very promising, and he may yet re-establish himself. The same goes for Effervescence, who also ran like a seaside donkey in the Guineas. Growing Confidence? I think we had far better wait till after the Derby; he made a desperate effort to defeat Garden Path in the Guineas, but how can anyone be certain of anything? I think that we must see all these animals out over a distance that will really test them. Fair Glint, the only one to win at a mile as a two-year-old, may yet show us something, for I cannot believe that he will not stay. However, we are absolutely in the dark, and to try to play the Daniel

might merely result in leading people into a lion's den.

It is not necessary, according to my view, to have Happy Landing on our conscience after his very poor display in the 1-mile Shelford Stakes at Newmarket on April 18th. He was getting 5 lb. from Borealis, who won with, I think, another 2 lb. at least in hand. I am sure Harry Wragg would bear this out if it were his business to say so, especially since Borealis capped this win almost at once by winning over 1½ mile, giving 21 lb. to Martaban. The Guineas performance was corroboration.



Winners of the One Thousand and the Two Thousand Guineas

Mr. H. J. Joel's filly, Picture Play, ridden by E. C. Elliott looked well in the paddock at Newmarket before winning the One Thousand Guineas. By Donatello II, out of Amuse, she was trained by J. Watts at Foxhill

Lord Derby's Garden Path, H. Wragg up, was led in by her trainer, Walter Earl, after her victory in the Two Thousand Guineas. She is the first filly to win the race since Sceptre was successful forty-two years ago

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

Nunthorpe Stakes of this year, and although Linklater has been a favourite of mine, yet still I was kind of hoping that Sugar Palm would have finished first, as I have a soft spot for the offsprings of Sir Cosmo.

Could you recommend a colt and a filly for this year's classics (1944)?—you have proved yourself a good judge, and with being away from home, I would be so much more content if I had two good 'uns to occupy my mind for the coming season.

You were quite right about Nasrullah; he must be full of Italian courage, and most of the critics thought him a smasher, and I read where Freddy Fox fancied the colt e.w. in the Sellinger.

The Lighter Side

AND here are some of my correspondent's lighter experiences, which, I am sure, will amuse people as much as they do me. Names have had to be suppressed for obvious reasons, and also, for the same reason, my enthusiast's

One real good point from a punter's viewpoint is that the stable entries are all coupled together for "win" only.

A Tote double is run on a given two races, and that seems to attract the crowd, and that, to my mind, is the real attraction to the "sight sees," and I think that if the idea were introduced at home it would be a good thing. People out here think that horses are machines. They can easily "lease" any number of horses from breeders, and at the cost of as much as—or should I say as little as?—£12 to £15 per month per animal. Consequently, they are all out for cheap money, and more than 60 per cent. of the animals out here could not beat you or I (down hill or up).

Friendly Warning

SIGRID SCHULTZ has warned her own country (the U.S.A.) and Great Britain that Herr Göbbels will turn the heat on in earnest the moment the Second Front opens on land. Her recent article in *The Sunday Express* is a timely warning as to what we must expect in the way of mischief-making. It is probable that Sigrid Schultz has forgotten more than



Convalescing in Somerset

Cdr. Peter Gretton, O.B.E., D.S.O., D.S.C., R.N., ace U-boat killer, and one of the Navy's youngest commanders, is seen with his wife in the country, where he is recuperating after a minor operation



University Women's Lawn Tennis: Oxford Beats Cambridge

The Oxford team, above, won their annual match against Cambridge by 13 matches to 4. Sitting: Patricia Harvey (Somerville), Ann Blake (St. Hugh's, captain), Esmé Kemp (Somerville). Standing: Angela Dening (St. Hilda's), Cynthia Werner (St. Hugh's), Audrey Fletcher (St. Anne's)

Here is the Cambridge team, beaten by Oxford on the New College Courts, Oxford. Sitting: Jean Applebey (Girton), Ann Coad-Pryor (Newnham, captain), Barbara Mills (Girton). Standing: Wendy Atkins (Girton), Elizabeth Poyser (Newnham), Elizabeth Rought (Newnham)

D. R. Stuart

own name. They must have some supermen in those parts. Here is what my young friend says:

Racing is such a farce out here. People have so much money that they do not know what to do with it. You could name the "real" trainers on the fingers of one hand, jockeys the same, and the latter are frequently warned and fined.

Starters are a standing joke. Some of them couldn't start a rocking-horse, and I'll give you a sample of stewards.

At a recent Park Meeting the winner was disqualified for boring the third, who was obviously the third best. The third was placed first and the first placed third, and the second had interfered with neither! The owners of the first and second scratched all their horses engaged at the meeting, and were consequently each fined £50. Two weeks later the second horse was given the race. I ask you!

Another time a horse opened out 6 to 4, went out to 7 to 1 against. The stewards smelt a rat, so they went down to the starting-gate and informed the jockey that if he did not win he would suffer the consequences. The horse went back to 5 to 4 against and won easily.

Clustane and Cockpen are still going at Stud, but the Bailey people have got a bad one in Valerius, whose stock are very very poor, except for a filly got at his first season, and instead of the Son-in-Law blood being foremost it is in the rear.

Solar Cloud had the makings of a really great sire, but like Satyr, he did not live long. At the Starston Stud, run by Mr. Silcock, who left Norfolk about thirty years ago, he has a sire, Conceit II, by Sir Cosmo, and seeing as how he is the only Sir Cosmo in the country, I am keeping my fingers crossed.



Oxford and Cambridge Cricketers

Three Old Blues of 1943 who are still up at Oxford are H. L. Pullinger (Queen's), Garth Wheatley (Balliol, captain and secretary, and J. D. Cairns (Balliol)

Two Cambridge 1943 Old Blues still at the University are Malcolm White (Magdalene), secretary, and John Walker (Trinity Hall), captain, who is an opening bowler

D. R. Stuart

On Active Service



D. R. Stuart

W.R.N.S. Officers at a Scottish R.N. Air Station

Front row: 3rd/O. M. E. Tyrrell, 2nd/O. B. E. Moore, 1st/O. J. V. Wallace-Smith, 3rd/O.s H. E. S. Gower, A. Broughton-Thompson. Back row: 3rd/O.s K. E. Smith, J. F. Arnold, D. Jenner-Pust, P. M. Stuckland, B. Barclay-Bishop

Right: Front row: Surg. Lt.-Cdr. D. C. Dobson, R.N., Cdr. (E) J. A. Blockley, R.N., Cdr. A. E. Christie, V.D., R.N.V.R., Capt. G. N. Jones, C.B.E., D.S.O., R.D., R.N.R., Pay-Cdr. B. M. Hamnett, O.B.E., R.N., 2nd/O. V. Corrie, W.R.N.S., 3rd/O. D. Isaac, W.R.N.S. Standing: Lt. (E) J. Spoors, R.N.V.R., a Lieutenant, Temp. Lt. (E) C. E. Colbourn, R.N., Pay-Lt. J. C. Watson, R.N.V.R., Pay-Lt. E. D. Crick, R.N.V.R., Lt.-Cdr. F. M. Goodger, R.N., Lt. C. T. Smith, R.N.V.R., Lt. (E) R. C. Broughton, D.S.M., R.N.V.R., Surg. Lt. A. W. McHaffie, R.N.V.R., Lt. (E) W. G. Smith, R.N.V.R.



M. Chandler

Officers of the R.A.F. and R.A.F. Regiment in Suffolk

Front row: P/O.s A. C. Simmonds, R. B. Hyde, F/O. H. R. Higgs, P/O.s A. L. Gilchrist, E. H. Taylor, J. Bushey. Middle row: F/Lts. M. B. McLeod, A. C. Bouchier, S/Ldr. E. J. Dinnitt, W/Cdr. D. H. Burnside, D.F.C. (O.C.), S/Ldrs. J. Martin, D.F.C., T. S. Binet Godfrey, F/Lt. G. Lavis. Back row: F/O. D. J. A. Brown, F/Lt. T. B. S. Horsnell, F/O.s B. Newnham, W. M. Connell, F/Lt. J. Hood, F/O.s P. Garstang, H. Reeves



D. R. Stuart

Officers of a Coastal Force Training Establishment



D. R. Stuart

Officers of an R.A.F. Station H.Q. in Scotland

Front row: S/Ldr. A. G. Welton, Major G. R. Fleming, W/Cdr. H. M. W. Thomas-Ferrand, G/Capt. R. L. Wallace, A.F.C., F/O. G. E. Wyatt, S/Ldrs. C. O. Powis, Still. Middle row: F/O. G. C. Heron, S/L. Nordberg, P/O. R. J. Hughes, F/Lt. H. E. Nixon, M.M., A/S/O. I. McIntyre, S/O. M. D. Ten Broeke. Back row: F/Lts. L. O. Lawrence, Moss, P/O. J. Hayton, F/Lt. Walker



D. R. Stuart

Instructional Staff of an Observers' School at an R.N. Air Station

Sitting: Lt.-Cdrs. D. K. Buchanan-Dunlop, R.N., J. Bridgwater-Kitcat, R.N., Cdr. B. E. W. Logan, R.N., Lt.-Cdr. R. C. Sewell, R.N., Lt. H. R. B. Janvrin, D.S.C., R.N. Standing: Lts. (A) C. H. Griffiths, R.N., (A) M. J. Thomas, R.N., (A) C. M. Brown, R.N.V.R., the Hon. W. A. C. Keppel, R.N., (A) J. W. Powell, R.N., (A) J. W. F. K. Jameson, D.S.C., R.N.V.R.

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

The Power of the Moment

"SING HIGH! SING LOW!" a book of essays by Osbert Sitwell (Macmillan; 10s. 6d.), is as packed with quality as it is diverse in its subjects. The essay is no medium for those who have bleak minds, who see facts and objects like so many unrelated black dots on a white sheet, or who write thin-textured prose. It is the ideal medium for Sir Osbert, whose experiences, in themselves fascinating, are enriched by associativeness. Not merely, I mean, does one thing make him think of another, but one thing acts on another, which seems to draw out more fully the nature of both. Through his prose runs a continuity of colours and sounds: what is remembered merges into what is at the moment seen. So art and history become extensions of the personal life; travel through time by means of imagination is as momentous as travel through space made by ship or plane. In a sense, there is no past (in so far as you think of the past as finished), only a luminous present moment, in which everything that has ever happened is still happening, and will happen for ever.

No, not perhaps everything. It is the high points of existence—but not of one's own existence only—that perpetuate themselves. *Sing High! Sing Low!* brings close to the reader's eye and senses a number of scenes that qualify for this perpetuity—Prince Pu-Ru's garden-party, in the flowered silence of old Peking; the exaltation and difficulties of the 3rd Duke of Beaufort's acquisition of an Italian collection; a Guatemala market; evocations of Cuba from a cigar-box label; Casanova's forty-eight-hour pleasure-party, moving by water along the Brenta from one Palladian villa to another; the vigour of Rowlandson's life; the Dowager Empress's picnic; Edwardian London; a storm-driven landing on the Desertas—these are, of the many, only a few.

This extract from "London" may illustrate that effect of the simultaneous that so much struck me. Sir Osbert writes of the London spring of 1943:

Never had there been such a profusion of blossom. Even in China, even in Central America, with its jacaranda and coral and flamboyant trees, even in Spain, during the spring, when in the orchards of Andalusia, almond, peach and orange burst simultaneously into bloom, never have I beheld a scene which suggested an equal profusion of flowering.

... I used every day in those weeks to go by the Green Park, and thence into St. James's Street, making my way there by means of what had formerly been a dark, narrow passage, pressed between high walls of old and grimy yellow brick, but was now open to air and sky. On one side, below a wall a foot high, I passed, every time, a floor of white marble, with an inlaid circular pattern, in the antique manner, of porphyry and serpentine; a floor now identical in appearance with those from which originally it had been copied a

hundred years before, those pavements that have been uncovered by archaeologists in the Roman Forum, or in the Golden House of Nero. Thus, one night of modern explosives can be seen to have produced the same effect of the rolling past of two millennia, including numberless incursions of old-fashioned barbarians, and numberless outbreaks of old-fashioned wars. . . . But what imparted to this floor for me a particular interest arose, I deduce, from my egotism: this was the hall floor of a house in which I had often dined; it was here, standing on these designs of inlaid marble, that the butler and footman had waited deferentially to take the top-hats and coats of the guests. . . . When next I see the floor of a villa uncovered in some meadow or by the classic sea, I shall be able to picture better than before the life of which it is the surviving token.

Common Sense

I SHOULD, however, be giving an incomplete account of *Sing High! Sing Low!* if I were to dwell too long, or exclusively, on the book's evocative, pictorial side. The title suggests alternation, contrast—and these we find. Sir Osbert has another, not less important, vein, and in this more than half the essays are written. I should call this other vein, quite simply, common sense—a common sense that is all the more powerful for being presented in an uncommonly stylish form. The interspersions of the astringent essays is telling.

Sir Osbert, for instance, feels that we have had enough of inflatory nonsense about the Little Man, about replanning London out of all recognition, about (or one might say against) the Old School Tie. He is a dispassionate



Capt. Robin Maugham has written a play about his experiences in the North African campaign. It is called "He Must Return," and was recently presented at the Chancery Theatre with Laurence Payne in the leading role. Capt. Maugham is the only son of Viscount Maugham, and is a nephew of the famous novelist-playwright, Somerset Maugham. He was wounded in the desert fighting and wrote the play while convalescing in Syria.

painter of those horrors to which our democracy, given its head, can run (see "Municipal Rhapsody: An Idyll"). "What it Feels Like to be an Author" contains some hints on which I hope non-authors may be so good as to ponder; while "The Conspiracy of Dwarfs" reflects on that low view of our stature shown

by most forms of our public living-design. His description of "our national sweet, trifle, lying coiled, listless and tired, within a cardboard cup, and uniting in its flavour ratafia, soya bean and a thousand subtle and sad suggestions of times past and to come," may not endear him to caterers.

Having done but passing justice to common sense, I must add that criticism is represented, in *Sing High! Sing Low!*—most notably by two distinguished essays, "The Eye Within the Ear" and "Roots of the Sole Arabian Tree."

Indian Scene

"GOLDEN ROSE," by Pamela Hinkson (Collins; 9s. 6d.), is a vivid and moving novel—"Anglo-Indian," I suppose it would once have been called, but it is without the conventions one may have come to associate with that type. The scene is Mholpur, in an Indian State; the European characters seem to be bound together by something more than an accident of locality. The mood is quite brilliantly set by the opening passage, in which "the world lay breathless, waiting for the evening hour of relief that was a long time coming that day of early April in Mholpur. Burning tension is over everyone, everything in the

(Concluded on page 280)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

THE other day an amateur writer brought me his literary

effusion concerning the psychological tragedy of blinded Service men. I could see he was inordinately proud of his complete understanding of their case. His essay was full of that facile sentimentality which on the films and on the stage demands slow music "off"—and gets it, though the scene be the middle of a desert. No longer, the essay ran, would these men ever again feast their eyes on the gorgeous pageantry of nature, gaze fondly on their growing family, look deep and lovingly into the eyes of their wives and sweethearts. Their lives would henceforth be all nostalgia, helplessness, effortless; only endurable, symbolically speaking, when some loving hand lay sympathetically within their own.

Briefly, it was a picture painted and secretly enjoyed by lots of people of the kind who wallow in poetic sentiment and thus imagine they have plumbed the depths of all human tragedy. Like all amateur authors, too, he had brought me this essay to read in order to hear my praise rather than my criticism. Nevertheless, with nearly thirty years of intimate experience among blinded Service men behind me, I had perforce to tell him that to a very great extent his attitude towards their blindness was all wrong.

The truth is that the reality they will no longer be able to revel in the loveliness which is the natural world troubles them not at all. They are far more worried by

the fact that in a strange place they find it difficult to find their way about alone without help. They are infinitely more anxious about the extent of their pension and if, on the relatively meagre amount which is allotted to them for their loss, they can bring their children up decently and give them a proper start in life.

As for looking deeply and passionately into their wives' eyes, they are far more thrilled by her lips, and indeed, can very rarely tell you the colour of her optics. What really makes them anxious is the possibility that their own blindness will add to the daily burden. The grim fact that at an age when they should by human right be making a life of their own, they are suddenly faced by the reality that they must begin their lives all over again and with a physical handicap for which their former dreams and plans had totally unprepared them.

It is, of course, not the poetical, sentimental attitude beloved of those who delight in sympathising without doing anything more about it. It is alien to the emotion of those who are so moved by the tragedy of a blinded Service man that they have to close their eyes, pass by on the other side and pray. And to those who bring a lonely invalid flowers when what she most wants is someone to collect her groceries. Nevertheless, it provides a glorious opportunity to the practical, whose sympathy, without being in the least lachrymose, gets things done.



Harlip
Mrs. Tulk-Hart, 3rd/O., A.T.A., wife of F/Lt. Richard B. Tulk-Hart, M.R.C.S., is a daughter of Capt. and Mrs. O. C. W. Johnsen, of Gravetye Manor, East Grinstead, and granddaughter of Sir Frank Bowater, Bt. Her husband, in peacetime a children's doctor, is now M.O. to a bomber squadron



Yvonne Gregory
Miss Kathleen Farrar is a Senior Commandant in the M.T.C., American Ambulance in Great Britain Block. She is the fifth of the six daughters of the late Sir George Farrar, Bt., and the late Lady Farrar



Lenarc
The Hon. Mrs. Rhys, wife of Lord Dynevor's eldest son, works for the Red Cross in Surrey as Assistant Division Secretary. Her husband, Capt. the Hon. Charles Rhys, M.C., is in the Grenadier Guards, and they have a son aged nine

Women in Uniform



G/O. E. F. Dacre, W.A.A.F., is Staff Officer at Flying Training Command. She is the wife of Air/Cdre. C. B. Dacre, C.B.E., D.S.O., and a sister of Sir Ian Fraser, M.P., chairman of St. Dunstan's



Chas. F. Hull
Mrs. Rowan-Hamilton, Senior Commander and Assistant Provost-Marshal, A.T.S., Northern Command, is the daughter of Lady Constance Blackburn and a first cousin of the Queen. Her husband is Brigadier G. B. Rowan-Hamilton, D.S.O., M.C.



Hay Wrightson
The Hon. Mary Parnell, eldest daughter of the sixth Baron Congleton, and of Lady Congleton, is a second subaltern in the A.T.S. She has two brothers and four sisters, and is a niece of Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 266)

Anson-Winnington Wedding

FIVE young bridesmaids and three pages, all dressed in a lovely shade of peach-pink, made a charming picture attending Lady Betty Anson when she married Major Winnington, of the Grenadier Guards, at the Guards' Chapel. Lady Betty was almost enveloped in the beautiful veil of Malines lace which formed a train, and was worn over a simply-made dress of white satin lent by her sister-in-law, Lady Anson, who also had worn the same veil when, as Miss Anne Bowes-Lyon, she married Lord Lichfield's son and heir in 1938. The reception was almost like a children's party, for so many mothers had brought their young offspring. Lady Shrewsbury was there, with her two little girls (one a bridesmaid); her sister, Mrs. Heber-Percy, had her little daughter; Lady Jane Nelson brought her two small girls; Lady Elizabeth Oldfield had a bridesmaid daughter; Lady Anson's son was a page; and Lady Lyell arrived with little Lord Lyell, who was another of the pages. There were no speeches after the cake-cutting, and the bride and the groom immediately went over to have a chat with the men who had formed the guard of honour. Lord and Lady Munster were there, the latter talking with the Hon. Mrs. Hew Dalrymple; Mrs. George Thorne (the former Juliet Peel), wearing an outsize in black hats tied under the chin; Lord and Lady Carrington; and Lady Katherine Phillips, who shared with Mrs. Vaughan-Lee the prize for gaiety of colour. Lady Katherine was wearing a scarlet coat and Mrs. Vaughan-Lee was in bright green.

Theatre News

It is good news to hear that the Old Vic Theatre Company are opening their season at the New Theatre in August. Two well-known actors, Laurence Olivier and Ralph Richardson, who have been released from the Fleet Air Arm specially for this progressive and non-commercial venture, are returning to the stage after an absence of five years, with a cast which includes Dame Sybil Thorndike, Ursula Jeans and Joyce Redman. New talent is to be encouraged and producers Tyrone Guthrie and John Burrell have already given a small part to a repatriated prisoner of war, who was in the profession before the war. The company are starting off with *Peer Gynt*, *Richard III.*, and a comedy, yet to be finally decided. After the opening three weeks the plays will be given in rotation at alternate performances, so that everyone, no matter what their duty hours, will have the opportunity of seeing each play on their day "off."



Married in Battledress

The wedding of Major Thomas Fiddian Reddaway, R.A., and Junior Cdr. Edith Margery Jay Horne, A.T.S., only daughter of Major Sir Alan Horne, Bt., M.C., took place at St. Michael's, Cornhill, London

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 278)

rose-red town. In the State Hospital, Clare Charters, the beautiful young wife of the Resident, lies suffering in spirit as well as body. It is Sister Françoise, French Mother Rectress of the hospital, who is to bring to Clare's bedside the golden roses that are Michael Frazer's gift, and to divine—partly by the key of her own pre-convent experience—the secret of Clare's and Michael's love.

From this opening hot, late Mholpur afternoon, the story goes back—into Clare Charters's past, into that of Sister Françoise (once Diane de Préaux, daughter of a proud old Brittany family). France, Ireland and England are in turn reflected in these two narratives. For, indeed, it is round these two women—the beautiful young wife and the mature French nun—and their two different, yet not unlike, love-stories, that Miss Hinkson's novel is built up. She has a rare power of absorbing one in her characters, and of giving reality to each hour they live. . . . Clare as a still unawakened girl had married John Charters: that uninspired if irreproachable husband. Her slow awakening begins when, out riding alone, she first meets the young engineer, Michael Frazer, in the old ruined fort outside Mholpur. Hopes of a child, the loss of the child, and a 700-mile drive back to Mholpur from Kashmir are to precede, for Clare, the discovery of her love for Michael, of his for her. This love, for them both, is "the rose of life," but a rose not by them to be plucked; they must play the game. *Golden Rose* shows, in this matter, an idealism rare and salutary in novels.

But it is Sister Françoise who is, I think, the masterpiece of the book; while of the Mholpur State Hospital, which she rules, we have a picture we shall not quickly forget. The French nursing-sisters—both here in India and as remembered in the Order's houses in France, where were Sister Anne, the Mistress of Novices, and Sister Louise—have human depth as well as spiritual power. The Archbishop is another impressive study. More lightly, but also with feeling, is touched in dear, dusty Miss Williams, missionary head-mistress of the girls' school, to whom Clare's impulse gives one evening of innocent frivolity—dinner at the Residency, make-up, a bath instead of a tub, and delicious, undreamed-of borrowed clothes. Colonel Meldon, the Irish doctor, and Michael Frazer, with his irrigation scheme, stand shoulder to shoulder with Sister Françoise in their work for India, which is, to them, humanity. Apart from its qualities as a novel, and its delightful scene-painting, *Golden Rose* deserves praise as a picture of a devoted band.

Americans in London

THE American Army's "invasion" of London—as they and we, in the best possible humour, have agreed to call it—must be due to produce many novels: *The Unready Heart* (Faber and Faber; 8s. 6d.) is, as far as I know, the first. Richard Sherman, its author, has now been with us for the past year-and-a-half; experiences this side of the Atlantic were not needed to make him into a writer, for he was that already—he was (I learn from the wrapper) formerly on the staff of *Vanity Fair*; and was recognised, in addition to this, as one of the leading short-storyists in America.

Perhaps I kept this information almost too much in mind; for I found myself wondering, here and there, as I read *The Unready Heart*, whether Mr. Sherman might not have done better to give us a series of short stories (linked by the same theme) rather than a full-length novel. There were times when I felt he had almost too much technique; also, his treatment of his English heroine (the American masculine characters were excellent) did not seem wholly successful: only towards the end did she come alive; up to then she remained a glossy and two-dimensional magazine-type girl. Conceived (as it first appeared) in a purely satiric spirit, Barbara Loomis, good-timer who loves too late, could never quite recommend herself to the reader's heart. Leeds was her birthplace, South Kensington her address, Mayfair her spiritual home. There is nothing inconsistent in Mr. Sherman's portrait of Barbara; the trouble is that it is almost too consistent—was any girl ever so true to type?

But is it ever possible for a writer of one nation to create quite successfully characters of another? English novels, for instance, about the French may satisfy England, but would they satisfy France? The staggering inefficacy, not to say impertinence, of English novelists' handling of American characters has from time to time been apparent even to me. I would not for anything harp too loudly on this one short-coming of *The Unready Heart*, for in all other aspects the novel seems to me fine. Do not miss this fictional first-fruit of the "occupation"; do not overlook its few home truths, or fail to salute their justice, or fail to appreciate the courtesy towards London and Londoners that is Mr. Sherman's prevailing tone.

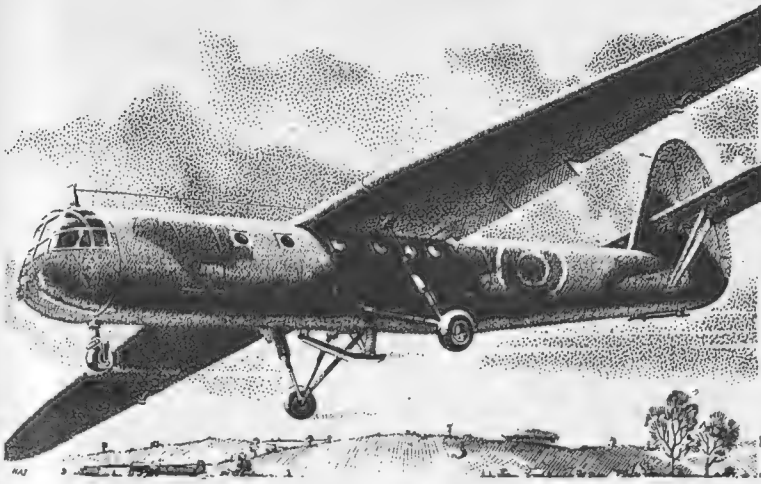
Gardens of the Past

LET me say first of all that in *English Gardens* (Collins; 4s. 6d.) the "Britain in Pictures" Series has excelled itself in the matter of coloured illustrations—so much so, that those who would rather have pictures on walls than in books may be tempted to take the vandal scissors to this pink-bound volume. Doctor Harry Roberts, the author, plays his part well, though I cannot quite share his resignation as to English private gardens of the future being those of villas and cottages only; fine, or spectacular gardening being not to be numbered among democratic arts. What such gardening could be, and was, in the past, Dr. Roberts shows in this interesting résumé. Great English gardens, on through the centuries, from the most classical (all perspectives and statues) to the most romantic (all wildernesses and mounts), make a cheering study these utilitarian days. Dr. Roberts also devotes space to famous garden-planners and gardening-books.



At Epstein's Exhibition

Sir John Wardlaw-Milne, K.B.E., M.P., and Lady Milne were two of those who went to see the exhibition of sculpture by Jacob Epstein at the Leicester Galleries on the private view day. Sir John has been Unionist Member of Parliament for Kidderminster since 1922



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Stories from Everywhere

ADMIRAL SIR ANDREW CUNNINGHAM was aboard his flagship in a Mediterranean port when a cruiser made a sloppy job of tying up to her berth. The cruiser's captain, dreading the message he knew would come from his commander in chief, was relieved, if puzzled, when it was delivered. It consisted of the one word, "Good."

Fifteen minutes later, the captain was interrupted in his bath with a supplement reading, "To previous message please add the word 'God'."

A KINDLY old soul asked the seven children of an acquaintance to tea. The youngsters ranged from three years to fourteen. As they streamed in, the old lady's brain reeled and their Christian names failed her.

"And which one are you, dear?" she asked a solemn boy of seven.

"Me?" he said importantly. "I'm the one with the spectacles."

PETER ESSELMONT tells this one in *Stories frae Aberdeen*:—

A teacher was amused on coming to Aberdeen at the children all speaking of manies, horsies, girlied and so on, but she got a shock on calling at the home of a girl who was absent from school. The girl was staying with her aunt. When the teacher called, a pleasant, homely smell was coming from a pot of stew on the fire. The teacher asked the little girl where her mother was. The mother was dead, and the girl was overcome and could not reply. Her cousin came to the rescue:—

"Tell the teacher your mother's in the gravie," he prompted.

MURMURING, "I'll teach her who's boss," the little man pushed open his gate and after knocking at the front door gained admittance to his home. Almost immediately sounds of conflict came from behind the closed door.

Presently the door flew open again and the little man, no longer aggressive, tumbled down the front steps, propelled by an arm which closely resembled a shoulder of mutton.

Picking himself up, he scowled at the owner of the hefty arm.

"I'll teach her who's boss," he murmured, "but she's going to take a lot of teaching."

AN old man heard about a treatment that would restore his youth. The medicine was a certain extract made up in pills. He bought a box, but instead of taking one every night, he swallowed the whole boxful one night before going to bed.

Next morning the family had great difficulty in waking the old man. At last he rolled over and rubbed his eyes.

"All right, all right," he mumbled. "I'll get up, but I won't go to school!"

JILL had only been to school for a few days, so she was still full of excitement. "Mummy," she said one day. "Teacher asked me all about you and daddy, and if I had any brothers and sisters."

"That was very nice of her to take so much interest. What did you tell her?"

"I said I was the only one."

"And what did she say to that?"

"Oh, just 'Thank Heaven!'"

AN office manager was telling how a girl came in to apply for a job, and when asked if she had any particular qualifications or unusual talents, stated that she had won several prizes in crossword puzzle and slogan writing contests.

"That sounds good," the manager told her, "but we want somebody who will be smart during office hours."

"Oh," she explained, brightly, "this was during office hours."

AN ardent golfer died, and as he had not led a very good life he went to the "other place." Here, to his surprise, he found a beautiful golf course—delightful fairways, perfect greens, clubs ready to hand, and even a caddie. He thought this was too good to be true, and picked up a club. Then he looked for a ball. Finding none, he asked the caddie.

"Ah," replied the caddie, "there isn't one. That's where the snag comes in!"



Nora Swinburne is following up her success as Mrs. Hopwood in "Fanny Ly Gaslight" by another "mother" role. She is to appear with Mervyn Johns and Joyce Howard in the film of Dorothy Whipple's novel "They Knew Mr. Knight" as Celia Blake, the woman who guides and sustains her family in the stormy times through which they pass after meeting Mr. Knight. The film, which is nearing completion, has been made at Denham Studios under the direction of Norman Walker

The fact that goods made of raw materials, in short supply owing to war conditions, are advertised in this paper, should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

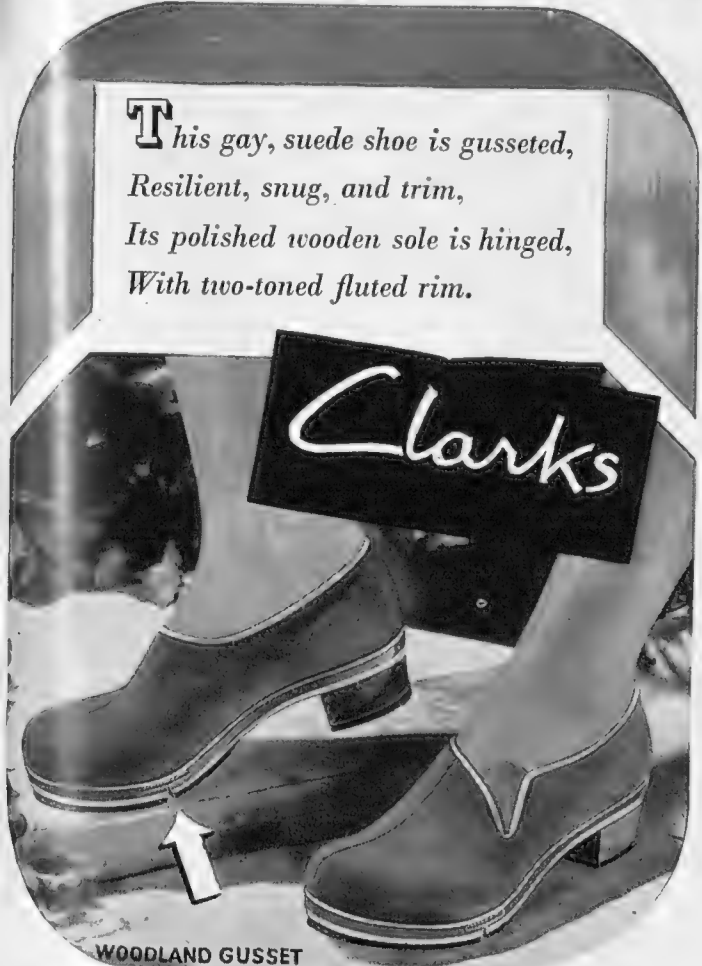


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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Aerial A.R.P.

My favourite newspaper, *The Fireman*, tells me that about twelve years ago Sir Geoffrey Salmond threw out the idea that the best way of fighting fires started by enemy bombers would be to follow them up with fleets of our own bombers scattering chemical extinguisher. It is easy to see a thousand objections to such a scheme; but it is also easy to see that it is a progressive, open-minded scheme. Few can doubt that the methods of fire fighting sponsored by the Home Office are antiquated. Home Office fire fighting is hand labour of the old kind. People run backwards and forwards with messages and work hand pumps. If the Home Office had to build an aerodrome they would—if they conducted operations on the lines on which they recommend that fires should be fought—do everything with an army of labourers with spades and shovels. They would regard the bulldozer and mechanical concrete mixer as taboo.

It does seem to me that a little thought might be expended on the methods of fighting fires started by enemy bombers. If we cannot be scientific about it, let us at least be practical. Running about with messages is neither a scientific nor a practical way of putting out fires. Sir Geoffrey Salmond's proposal is not quite so advanced as some might think. In some parts of the world aviation is used extensively for fire-fighting. For tackling forest fires landplane and seaplane "fire engines" and even parachutists are in use and there is, of course, the extremely valuable forest fire patrol.

Mobility

The aim should be to reduce so far as possible the number of people who have to be set aside, or who have to have their ordinary work hampered, for fire duties, by conferring upon them the highest degree of mobility. We all know of cases where fire appliances have had to be sent from great distances to reinforce those near the outbreak. We all know, also, that aircraft can now carry medium size trucks. There does seem to be scope for a highly specialized flying fire squad.

And Sir Geoffrey's idea of sprayed or scattered chemical extinguisher is not so fantastic when one considers what can be done in crop dusting. There are some kinds of fire which might yield to this kind of treatment. If mass and mechanization are the watchwords for military operations, they should also be heeded for other kinds of operation. The military maxim that a high degree of mobility can, to some extent, make up for shortage of numbers is also worthy of note.

Atlantic

It seems that, if I survive this war, my sole distinction will be that, although working in the world of aviation, I alone will not have made a wartime flight across the Atlantic ocean. Nearly all my friends have done the crossing, some of them many times. I cannot find that anything they tell me about it encourages me to suppose that it is a pleasant trip. And that shows what large differences there will have to be in the way peace time services are run compared with war.

I mentioned above the inverse relationship of numbers and mobility in tactical matters; in air carriage there is, I feel, an inverse relationship between elapsed time for a flight and comfort during it. The shorter the time, the greater the discomfort which the ordinary passenger will accept. I take it that the crew of that Mosquito that did the Labrador-Great Britain journey in less than seven hours, base to base, were not much troubled by having no space to move about in. But if the journey were to take ten hours, then space to move about in acquires a great importance. One of the civil aircraft designer's most tricky problems will be to balance the speed of his aircraft against the spaciousness and comfort of its cabin. I am inclined to think that the aim will be to give increased speed at the expense of spaciousness,



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and that this is what the majority of air travellers want.

Belgian Aviation

An extremely good point made in an article in *Message*, the Belgian review, on planning the future of civil aviation. The author says that "when it comes to taking up an official attitude the governments responsible find themselves faced with problems which out-reach the domain of the alone. In their solution involved the general world policy which will, it is hoped, ensure peace and a higher standard of living."

This is not always recognized by those who press for a statement of government policy. It is possible to sympathize with both sides; with the companies which want to run air lines when the war is over and therefore want to know what government policy will be, and with the government for hesitating to lay down policy. One thing should be said, in fairness to the British Overseas Airways Corporation (and I am not generally speaking as a supporter of theirs); it is that if the Corporation were to be abolished by Act of Parliament, there would certainly be an outcry for re-creating it. The reason is that there are some air lines in the British Commonwealth which are not economically attractive, but which for strategical and communication reasons must be run. It is not fair to confine the B.O.A.C. to those difficult, unremunerative lines and to let the shipping and railway or any other independent companies play about on the easy routes like London and Paris. That is really the challenge private enterprise must face. Is it ready to run unprofitable lines which must be run in the national interest if it is permitted to work without subsidized opposition on the profitable routes?



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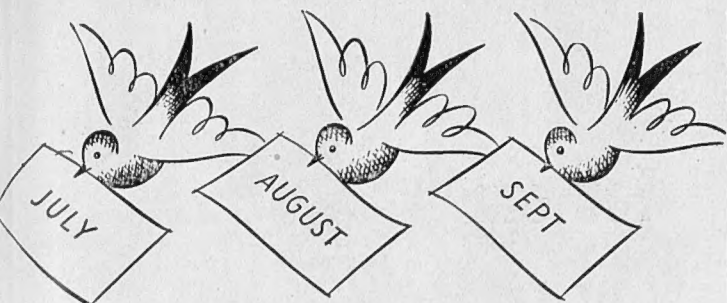
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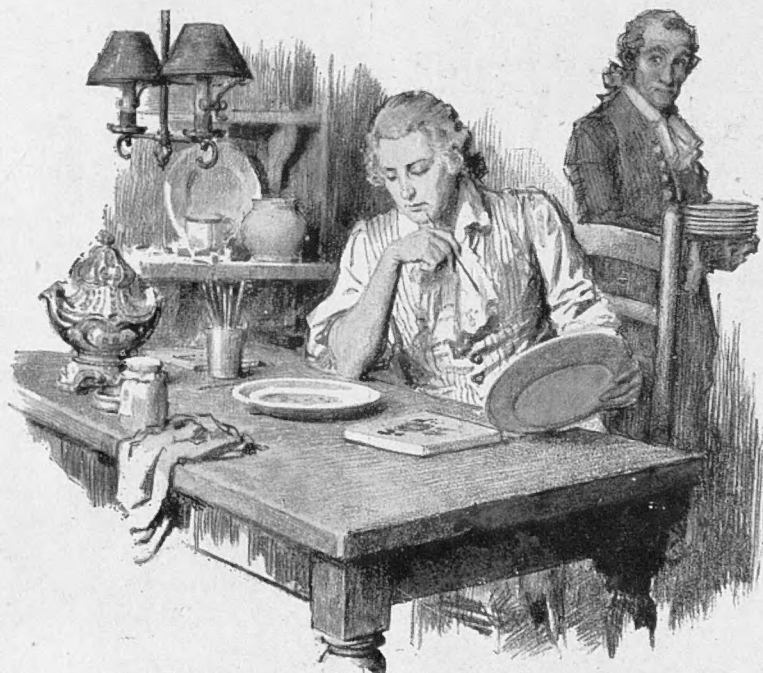
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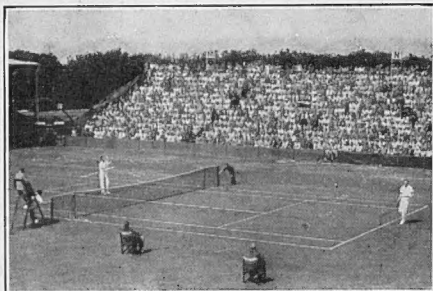


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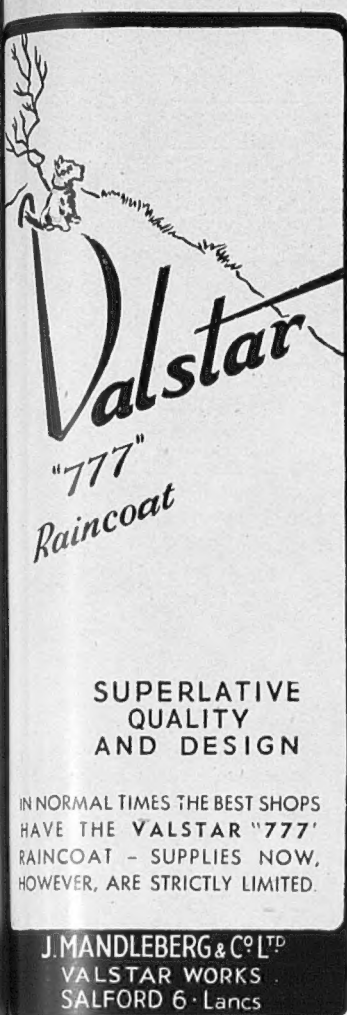


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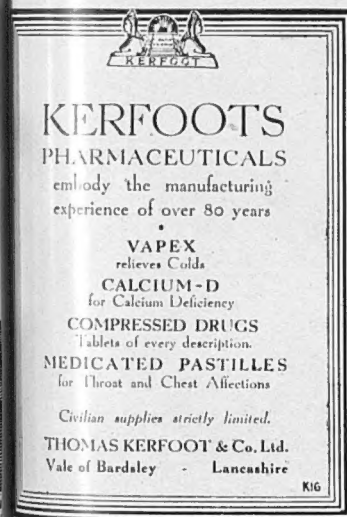


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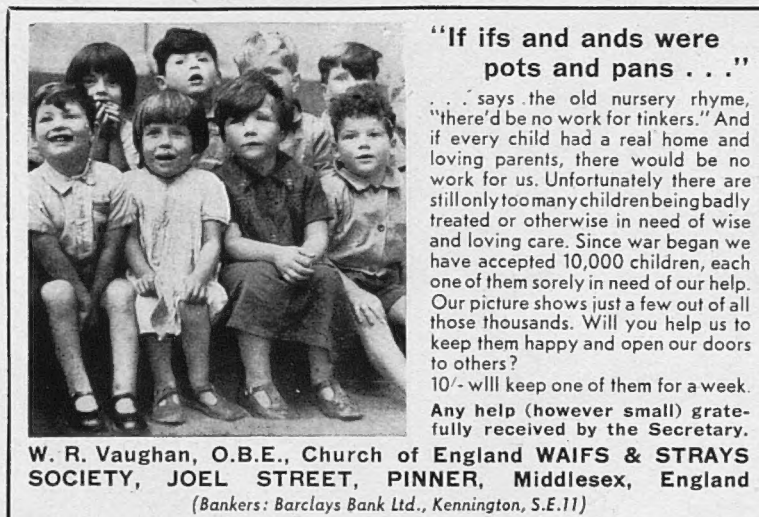
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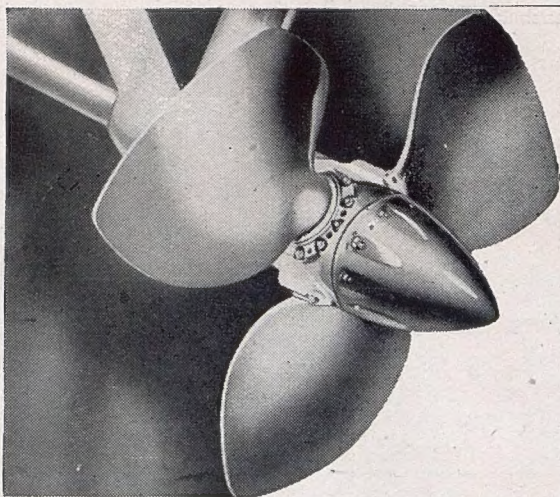
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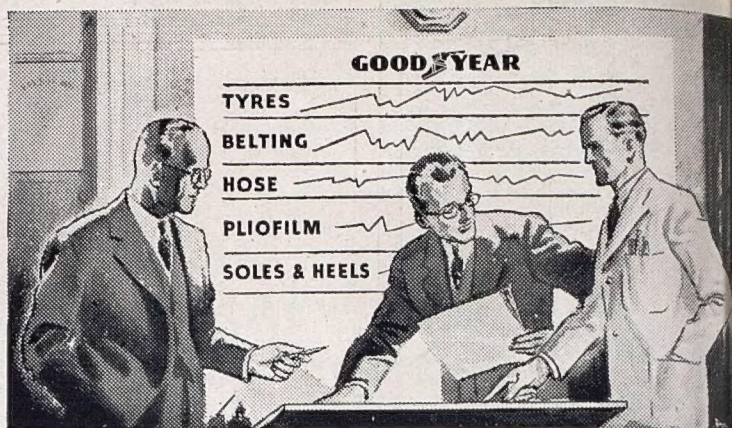
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